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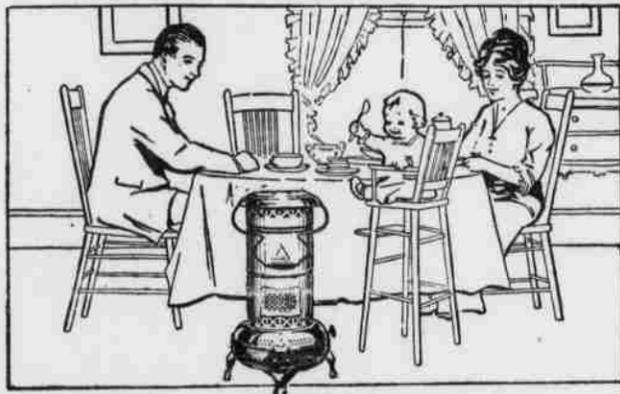
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We have secured these cars under the most favorable conditions, and therefore are able to make prices and terms to suit your convenience. Some of these cars are practically new and the others are in good running condition.

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PEOPLE'S MOTOR CAR COMPANY
High Point, N. C.



CHASE THE CHILL FROM THE BREAKFAST ROOM

PERFECTION
SMOKELESS OIL HEATERS

START the Perfection Heater going five minutes before the breakfast hour; by the time the family gets down the whole room is warm and cozy.

The food tastes better — everybody feels better. It's a bully morning send-off for the whole family.

The Perfection is an ever-ready comfort. It is light — you carry it wherever extra heat is needed — sewing-room or cellar, bedroom or parlor. It burns kerosene — easy to handle and inexpensive — and costs nothing when not in use. It is smokeless and odorless.

At hardware and furniture stores everywhere. Look for the Triangle Trade-Mark.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(NEW JERSEY)
BALTIMORE

Washington, D. C.
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We have on hand a lot of one-horse Chattanooga Plows, which we offer at \$4 00 each, so long as they last. Also plenty of Oliver one and two-horse plows on hand.
COME TO SEE US

McCrary-Redding Hardware Co.
Asheboro, N. Carolina

COMPLIMENTS HIGH POINT PHYSICIAN

Dr. Burrus, of High Point, has reached a commanding place in the practice of his profession and we rejoice in his growing influence. He is one of the most capable physicians in this section of North Carolina, and we are glad to be able to add that he is an active and useful worker in his church.—Archibald Johnson, in Charity and Children.

A NEW CURE FOR DRINK

Fruit as a Substitute For Liquor

In the December American Magazine, Henry Detmers writes a little article entitled: "A New Cure For Drink." Mr. Detmers says that he has been in the saloon business for twenty years. He is not a drinker himself and none of his sons drink. Out of his experience he recommends the following cure for the liquor habit:

"I found early in my experience that as a general rule—there are exceptions of course—a regular consumer of fruit was not a very good customer in my business. On the other hand, a typical 'booze fighter' seldom touches fruit. I always kept some apples behind the bar and I often experimentally offered one to a 'star' customer, who almost invariably refused. The more I looked into this matter, the more firmly I became convinced that these two habits clash. Not caring to have my boys acquire the one, I inoculated them with the other, and I have found that the fruit habit early acquired acts as a perfect antidote to the liquor habit.

"I mention apples especially because they are something like bread, one never tires of them, which is more than can be said of peaches, pears and oranges. And apples, thanks to cold storage, can be had every day of the school year.

"Why shouldn't the apple habit be cultivated in the public schools at the public expense? School trustees could advertise for bids to supply the school. Then by means of a push-the-button contrivance placed at the boys' and girls' exit each child could get his apples as he marched out to play at recess time. Two apples a day would do the work. Children have a veritable craving for fruit. I have often heard our victims beg another for the 'core.' And if it happens that I have merely imagined that fruit habit offsets the drink habit, I know that two apples a day will have a valued influence on the health, good temper, and morals of any child.

"Please understand that I have no axe to grind. I do not own a single apple tree.

"I have never claimed to have discovered that fruit juices act as an antidote, although I have talked it for twenty-five years.

"Some three years ago an article appeared which claimed a Nebraska physician as the discoverer of the theory. The good doctor and I will never quarrel over it. He can have the glory. I do not need it. I am only too glad to see that my views have gained some scientific backing.

"If you remove the desire for drink, the liquor question will solve itself, and while poverty may not be banished, the general welfare of the people will be much improved; and even if my scheme is never adopted, I will feel a thousand times repaid for my pains if I can only convince the mothers of our country, those who have the means to do so, that to implant the fruit habit in their children is the best assurance for a temperate life."

It is completely organized against crime.

SECRETARY DANIELS URGES ORGANIC METHODIST UNION

Washington, D. C., Oct. 26—Mobilization of a great army of Methodists in one organic union, to include the Northern and Southern divisions and all branches of the denomination, was advocated here tonight by Secretary Josephus Daniels in an address at the Centennial Celebration of the Foundry Methodist church. Such a union, he said, would have an enrollment of 5,295,864 souls.

"If Methodism were united today," said Mr. Daniels, "they could mobilize an army for righteousness which would put to flight the evils of our country. All denominations have agreed not to encroach upon each other's missionary territory and yet, one great family of Christendom cannot agree at home. There is a Northern M. E. church in Atlanta and a Southern M. E. church in Seattle."

Suffered Twenty-One Years— Finally Found Relief

Having suffered for twenty-one years with a pain in my side, I finally found relief in Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. Injections of morphine were my only relief for short periods of time. I became so sick that I had to undergo a surgical operation in New Orleans, which benefited me for two years. When the same pain came back one day I was so sick that I gave up hopes of living. A friend advised me to try your Swamp-Root and I at once commenced using it. The first bottle did me so much good that I purchased two more bottles. I am now on my second bottle and am feeling like a new woman. I passed a gravel stone as large as a big red bean and several small ones. I have not had the least feeling of pain since taking your Swamp-Root and I feel it my duty to recommend this great medicine to all suffering humanity. Gratefully yours,

MRS. JOSEPH CONSTANCE, Rapides Par. Echo, La.
Personally appeared before me, this 15th day of July, 1911, Mrs. Joseph Constance, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.
WM. MORROW, Notary Public.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing be sure and mention the Asheboro Weekly Courier. Regular fifty cent and one dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

A FEW GOOD LAUGHS

"It's too bad; I just can't make my biscuits light," cried the bride. "Why don't you set fire to them?" suggested the groom, who, of course, was an unfeeling brute.

Friend (to returned traveler)—I suppose you had some thrilling experiences over in Europe.

Traveler—Yes; I was arrested as a spy and who do you think my captor was—a waiter I once refused to tip over here. He recognized me and I barely escaped with my life.—Boston Transcript.

A suffrage leader stopped a small boy in the street.

"Child," she said, "what are you doing on the street?"

"Oh, jes' runnin' 'round," answered the lad.

"Did you ever have any moral instruction?"

"Any what?"

"Don't know what that is."

The suffrage leader was appalled.

"Little boy," she said, "go home and tell your mother that Mrs. Jones will speak at the Settlement House this evening on the subject: 'Where Does a Mother's Duty to Her Children Begin?'"

"Aw, cut it out, maw," exclaimed the small boy, "don't yer know yer own kid?"—Louisville Times.

Some time ago a young farmer who had joined the army and gone to the Philippines, sent a cablegram to his father. The day after the arrival of the message the father was speaking about it to a farmer friend.

"Great thing is that telegraf, Josh," remarked the father. "Jes' think o' that message comin' all them thousand miles."

"Yes," was the hearty response of Josh, "an' so thunderin' quick, too."

"Thunderin' quick," exclaimed the father. "Well, I should say so! When I got that message the maulage on the envelop warnt dry yet!"—Philadelphia Press.

Grateful Patient—By the way I should be glad if you would send in your bill soon.

Eminent Physician—Never mind about that, my dear madame; you must get quite strong first.—Philadelphia Record.

Tommy—Pop, things grow smaller as they are contracted, don't they?

Tommy's Pop—Well, my son, there are exceptions. There are debts, for instance.

A young man had decided to join the Episcopal church, but his family were all Baptists, so he thought he should be immersed when baptised and on going to the rector of the Episcopal church he made a request for such a baptism, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. The rector decided that it could be quite easily accomplished and would speak to the Baptist minister about it.

The Baptist minister, on hearing this, was quite delighted, and readily agreed to baptise and take the young man into the church the following Sunday morning, but said the rector: "He just wants you to baptise him and he wants to join my church."

The good Baptist minister then replied saying: "We do all our own washing, but we don't take in other people's washing."

When my wife and I were on our honeymoon we were advised to visit a certain ruined castle the custodian of which was a relative of the noble owner. Having viewed the glorious old pile I was at a loss how and in what way to offer a gratuity, bearing in mind the "blue blood" of our guide. The following conversation took place:

"We thank you for your courtesy and would be glad to give a small sum to any cause if you have a box for that purpose."

"Sir," was the reply, "we have such a box."

"Then may I see it?" I asked.

"Sir"—with a pleasant smile and a bow—"I am that box."—Strand Magazine.

"Yes," said the man in the ginger-colored suit, "I am in a bad fix. My father was a Frenchman and his father was a German. My mother was English and her father was a Belgian. My wife is a Holander, my chauffeur is a Russian and my cook is an Austrian."

"Well, say," the other man asked, "what in Texas are you going to do?"

"What can I do. Nothing, except to preserve a strict neutrality and mind my own business."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He had asked a lawyer on the street to direct him to a good restaurant, says Judge, and after his request had been complied with the lawyer queried:

"You are a farmer, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"I envy you these frosty October mornings. You are astir and get a good appetite for breakfast."

"Um!"

"You sit down to homemade sausage?"

"Um!"

"And good coffee?"

"Um!"

"And fried eggs?"

"Well."

"And golden brown flapjacks?"

"Um!"

"And you rise up refreshed and glad you are alive, isn't that so?"

"Mister, do you know why I came to town today?" asked the farmer.

"Well, no."

"It was to get some of them very things to eat."

And the lawyer went on.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

A HAPPY CHILD IN JUST A FEW HOURS

If Cross, Feverish, Constipated, Give "California Syrup of Figs."

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, it is a sure sign that your little one's stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once.

When peevish, cross, listless, pale, doesn't sleep doesn't eat or act naturally, or is feverish, stomach sour, breath bad; has stomach-ache, sore throat, diarrhoea, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, undigested food and sour bile moves gently out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again.

You needn't coax children to take this harmless "fruit laxative"; they love its delicious taste, and it always makes them feel splendid.

Ask your druggist for a fifty-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on the bottle. Beware of counterfeiters sold here. To be sure you get the genuine, ask to see that it is made by "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with contempt.

DEATH OF LITTLE GAIL PRESNELL

On Saturday evening about five o'clock Oct. 17 the death angel visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. James E. Presnell and carried away the sweet spirit of their little 7 year old son Gail. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. J. E. Thompson of Asheboro after which the body was laid to rest in the new-made cemetery at West Bend, where a large congregation had met to pay the last tribute of respect to the departed. He was kind and affectionate boy, to know him was to love him. We miss the sweet smiles that he gave, we miss thee in the Sunday School, we miss thee everywhere. It is hard to give him up, but still God's will be done not ours.

His vacant chair now empty stands, His voice we'll hear no more, Weep not loved ones, for God hath said,

Suffer little children to come unto Me. Gone to rest our little darling,

Here no more we'll see his face, But we'll meet again in heaven,

When we're run life's rugged race. Gone to rest asleep in Jesus,

Blessed hope, we'll meet again. And in heaven there'll be no parting,

We'll be free from care and pain. Short his stay but how we miss him,

Stricken hearts alone can say. When we see the little garments

Miss the child's face day by day. Gone to rest, he's free from sorrow,

With the angels 'round God's throne, And soon we shall see him,

But our hearts are sad and lone When we reach the pearly portals

Of the city bright and fair. There we'll meet our little darling;

He will bid us welcome there. And with Jesus and the angels

We will dwell forevermore. And we'll know our little darling,

When we meet on that bright shore.

JOSEPHINE CROSS,

Asheboro, N. C.

"Willie, why weren't you in school yesterday afternoon?" Do you want to know, too?" "Of course "Oh, gee, teacher, Pa and Ma kept me busy all evening explaining that."—Detroit Free Press.

TIME-COST OF SAYING "MR."

For more than a hundred years the clerks of the House of Representatives have called the roll, beginning with A: "Mr. Abercrombie! Mr. Adair! Mr. Adamson! Mr. Aiken! Mr. Ainey! Mr. Alexander!" etc., down to the last letter of the alphabet, some hundreds of names.

Last week, without warning, the House reading clerk, Mr. Haightan, started a reform. He dropped the "Mr." The amazed Congressmen could hardly believe their ears when they heard him begin the roll-call: "Abercrombie! Adair! Adamson! Aiken!" and continue to the end of the list of 435 names.

This roll-call consumed only twenty-three minutes, though thirty-five to forty minutes is the usual time. It was a saving of at least twelve minutes. There is always one roll-call a day and often twenty or more. The indicated saving is from twelve minutes to four hours in the time of the House. The members are wondering that nobody ever thought of it before.

LADIES! SECRET TO DARKEN GRAY HAIR

Bring back color, gloss and thickness with Grandma's recipe of Sage and Sulphur.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea, with sulphur and alcohol added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant; remove every bit of dandruff; stop scalp itching and falling hair. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get the ready-to-use tonic, costing about 50 cents a large bottle, at drug stores, known as "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," thus avoiding a lot of fuss.

While wispy, gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared. After another application or two your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant and you appear years younger.